

PS
3515
U368
D3



DANDY BROWN

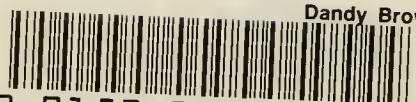
By WILLIAM HULL



hbl, stx


PS 3515.U368D3

Dandy Brown.



3 9153 00481047 1

PS
3515
U368
D3



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
LYRASIS members and Sloan Foundation

<http://archive.org/details/dandybrown00hull>

DANDY BROWN

Books by William Hull

SAUL AT ENDOR

SELECTED POEMS: 1942 - 1952

THE CATULLUS OF WILLIAM HULL

DANDY BROWN

by

WILLIAM HULL

EXPERIMENT PRESS

PS
3515
U368
D3

Acknowledgment is made to the Editors of the following publications for permission to reprint ballads and excerpts from DANDY BROWN which appeared originally in their magazines: APPROACH, THE HOPKINS REVIEW, INTRO, and POETRY BOOK MAGAZINE.

THE UP AND DOWN OF DANDY BROWN first appeared in SELECTED POEMS: 1942-1952, Brigant Press, 1954, New York, copyright by William Hull.

Copyright, 1959, by William Hull

All rights reserved. Reproduction of this volume or portions thereof forbidden except by written permission of the author.

Experiment Press books are distributed to the trade
by Alan Swallow, 2679 So. York St., Denver 10, Colo.

INDEX

THE UP AND DOWN OF DANDY BROWN IN SEVEN STATIONS

1. Metamorphosis; or How Amanda Turned to Mabel . . .	7
2. The Rise of Dandy Brown	7
3. Dandy in Paradise Bar	8
4. Elderberry Nocturne	9
5. Dandy and the Sisters	9
6. Baptismal	10
7. Does Melinda Dream?	11

THE WHIRLIGIG PASSION

Introit	12
Book of Fall —I	13
—II	14
—III	17
Book of Trial—I	19
—II: Introit to Dream	20
1.	21
2.	23
3.	28
—III	30
Book of Error—I	32
—II: Introit to Dream	33
1.	33
2.	35
3.	38
—III	39

THE STONING OF DANDY BROWN ACCORDING TO JOHNNY APPLESEED

Two Notes on John Chapman, known as Johnny Appleseed .	42
I: Johnny's Brag	43
II: The Stoning	47
III: Johnny's Blues	57

413/69

THE UP AND DOWN OF DANDY BROWN IN 7 STATIONS

1: METAMORPHOSIS: OR HOW AMANDA TURNED TO MABEL

Lit by an elongating moon,
Amanda swoons
asprawl this puzzle-baited beach,
pushing seaward, bared, the breach
where promise ambushed and sweetly tore,
to wash o salt-sweeten the door
of sin's entrancing in.

Flush it o hush its sad diversion.
Tide commits its untidy burden:
Who coddled your cuddle? Cantilever?
Thwacked a gay deceiver?
Deafly Amanda swanly waddles deeper.

Weep o weep this necking down,
her hair about her feet is bound,
thighs show whitely round
and Amanda stilly drowns.

Down has dived so deep
has found and swallowed the steep
whole goddam moon all down.
Spewed up she bounders into town,
jukebox heart and sub-
way slot to dubarub
the rubadub boys with Mabel's stigma
o Amanda's swanly deep enigma.

2: THE RISE OF DANDY BROWN

Mabel Amanda Brown,
the lady they chased out of town,
fell, in May, asleep
in a field of rising wheat.

Thunder sang in her dream,
milling comets streamed,
and Mabel rising was silent
with flowering wonder she bore.

The day the wheat was cropped,
the sun turned bloody as it dropped,
and Mabel heavily lay
down and coldly died.

That mound of deepening snow
was seen to shake and grow:
it burst, and Dandy Brown
arose and yawned and stretched.

Dandy looked and smiled,
the melting snow went wild,
the wheat upsprang, he laughed,
and turned, and faced the town.

3: DANDY IN PARADISE BAR

Dandy turned and stooped,
to disengage the gentleman looped
and coiling about his shin,
peddling readable portable sin.

While hanging from the rafter,
Tempter hissed into Dandy's laughter,
'two times two are five,'
and Temptress sang a golden dive.

Uncoiling from the sink,
darker serpent flicked a wink;
Dandy belched, and grinned,
while direr sirens rounder dinned.

And Salvation Sally's slop-bucket jazz,
'Will you wash in the blood of the Lamb?'
'There's a backroom' said Dandy as
he goosed who fled before the ram.

Dandy drank and turned:
and, chilled, Dandy yearned
to hanging agony discerned:
these eyes, this pity burned.

Dandy shook: and shed
conspired dark of the rising dead:
scratched his shaking leg,
and rose to drain his seventh keg.

4: ELDERBERRY NOCTURNE

Between town and town,
Dandy Brown
stood in an elderberry patch, and frowned.

Melinda Lou walked bound
by an inner sound:
she smiled, and Dandy laid her down.

Moon-fall wove and wound
a crescent crown
for yester's ruined and drearly drowned.

Dandy outsang the hounds,
as he vaulted into town:
and Melinda lay, rounding, soundless.

5: DANDY AND THE SISTERS

Lily and Dahlia Waters,
the Undertaker's daughters,
fought in formal parlor
for perilous privilege offered.

In the backroom, Dandy Brown
smiled, and stripped him down;
washed his hands, and laughed;
cut his throat of a sudden.

Falls the likeliest tower,
mocked by the lifting flower
before the outstretched necks
and wildly walking eyes.

Those palsied sisters sit,
in the parlor, and coldly knit
each other's fondled shrouds,
to whet their needles sharp.

6: BAPTISMAL

Down by the riverside Melinda Lou
got religion and remembered true,
bared her belly by the riverbank,
wrapped two rattlesnakes about her flanks,

sang, 'John the Baptist led me from the town
to the elderberry patch where Light laid me down:
glory day rolled while loverberry lifted me:
bend your sinning knees to this baby.'

Preacher bowed down, the sinners fell,
the rattlers rattled out the end of hell:
persimmon-titted Sadie screamed, 'She a big lie,
bragging her shame, her filth in your eye!'

Preacher clapped out the strike-true clicks,
praisers hallelujahed, and the rattlers flicked:
a cloud of white snapdragons rained
all down Melinda's legs and prayed.

'Beat out the Devil-witch with elderberry sticks!'

But for every lick they gave Melinda Lou,
a holy white lily on that switch grew.

'Throw her in the water, if she float she true,
throw her in the water, if she sink she through!'
They threw her in the water by the riverbank,
looked if she floated: Melinda sank.

Rose once:

'Good Lord remember me
and the blinding elderberry tree'

and sank.

Rose twice:

'Reach me humankindness:
cant see for waterblindness'

and sank.

Rose last:

'O good Lord remember me:
it's the weight of our baby'

and drowned.

Her body and baby the fish have gathered round.

O good Lord remember us
when dust does not at last to dust!

7: DOES MELINDA DREAM?

Three days Melinda lay on the riverbed,
the fourth she floated, sun-dazzle blurred her head;
her nimbus of clustered fish seawards wandered,
glistened, till, bare-pardoned, bones, weepless, undered.

River floated still a blinding caul;
ripples cradled, sun warmed; all
fish's nibbling mouths were dazed aside;
and land drowned; sea-laver lullabyed.

Wind skirled northerly; cradle, iceberg's mortar;
blithely scooped a dozing whale the water,
woke: Volcano? flappers flailed, sprawled:
his luck was leased by tide to a beachy lot;
stranded, a templing pregnancy to what?

Sun mellowed, ruined; rain ripped gaps;
wind raped out the last reluctant scraps:
egg-like, corpse-like, emboned there impervious to hawks,
caul splits: man-child seeing walks

THE WHIRLIGIG PASSION

(The Apocryphal History of Dandy Brown from Paradise Bar to the Waters)

INTROIT

EVERYBODY: God, who grounds our rise and fall,
thrusts us fruit alive to bend,
draws us down, or wine or gall,
Crux cruxless, endless End:

Father, who within is dream
of who we are, how far we need:
Son, who bodies forth the gleam,
becoming Doing, fixed by deed:

Holy Ghost, revealing gap
between the dreamed and daily done:
and under these, as earth to map,
the It of sleep, our thingless Sun:

ANYBODY: Be is the word of our yearning for peace unceasing,
never gap gaping, our paradise-urge unreleasing:
but broken ban and selfhood's beginning in severing sin
bound us in clangor of Ever, tense-gear'd and tearing us, piecing:
Be is eunuch'd by harrowing grief of Been,
shriveled by Will Be, masking Sphinx-maw with grin.

Our circular journey drags us, nearing or leaving,
between Idea and Act, bothways distract:
slumbering through noon we're broken
by clockhands' angular token:
bothways facing us through such space the Fact
mocks with unatoned compass our Babel-tossed grieving.

Rage shaking world-tree fiercer to our franticker breaking,
whirling to slit world's pip, all memory forsaking:
all wounds open to dragon's roused and slakeless beak,
claws raking us more disjunct, till memory prefers even waking:
fleeing back, seeking in stupor's cancering reek
an all-daze, now choosing that world be bleak.

EVERYBODY: Help us, while with breath we fill,
in our becoming be aware
of moods that blind and bonds that kill,
our many all atoned in prayer.

Help us more, when failure sours
welling wine, that we, in spite
by slander, scorn of vineyard's flowers,
not block spring for merely night.

Grant us grace to take the law
of endless time and endless turn:
unterrored then of claw nor maw,
stintless, clear in joy, we burn.

BOOK OF FALL

I

WITNESS: In Paradise Bar the lights flicker once, and Dandy
drains another keg. The long hand climbs,
the short points three. The lights flicker twice, and Dandy
drains his ninth. The angle is plumb and right.
In triple clang old Barkeep plants the bill.

ANYBODY: Must ever innocence end in blunder?
With clap of legal thunder
highland flooded,
garden's open wonder
miryly muddied,
rifted and rutted asunder?
Never forever old anger at ancient plunder
of proliferating pip by cross be glutted?
Must all be spoiled because we're blooded?
As worms for worms all sweetness be turned under?

WITNESS: Dandy plucked the bill and smiled, smoothed it
fondling and touched the Barkeep's hand, who said:

BARKEEP: You've drunk up. Now's the time to pay up. Pay up.

WITNESS: And Dandy said:

DANDY: So I should stay with you?

WITNESS: With puzzled open face. To whom the Barkeep:

BARKEEP: Come off it. We're self-respecting here. Pay up.

WITNESS: When Dandy shifted stance and looked around,
the Barkeep fingered lips to sirening blast.
Who has seen, when honey-threatening rodent
intrudes in thorough-urban hive, the hornets,
all-dedicate, swarming sting-eager from honey-sanct environs:
sees bouncers, bruisers, wardens, police, the national
guard converge on Dandy, while his smile converts.
Who has seen staunch swimmer arm hands from face-front,
pairing parabolas of push, reverse of rowing,
and on-piling waters moil away (as keel-cleaved,
or as those waters apart from that buddable rod),
or has imaged molecular tumblings when priest from altar
turns and sweeps pressed palms out to benediction:
sees Dandy render attack collapsing debris,
backed to bar at bay. As Barkeep raised
a bottle in certain parabola of stop, a voice
cried Stop! Striding through the unsprawling melee
the Insurer faced the twain.

INSURER: Let me have him.
I'll be his bond. What he needs I know
and can provide.

WITNESS: Barkeep solemnly assented.
Muttering the unneeded swarm acquiesced. And Dandy
with tentative smile followed the Insuring Man.

EVERYBODY: Until we fall we can not know:
unknowing is disaster stored:
our world is cored with this hard woe:
innocence we daren't afford.

II

WITNESS: Now into public chartered park they go:
Dandy, unused, with docility dazed, dizzy
a little; Insurer directing by shoulder's slack.
The Cop on the Beat looms challenging. Leftily Insurer,
rightly stopping Dandy's parabolic arms,
palmed out, in discus-thrower's poise, a disc,
flashing. Cop flashed grimly back a grin.
Such flashings, lordly and webbing, laddered between:
and obscurely Dandy set himself for wrestling.

COP: No wrestling in Penny Eeling Park without license
from Public Commissioner and legally ticketed audience.

WITNESS: Dandy's still dazed and lowered head swung
like dog's, dropped for losing. Some smell teased.
Head a-riot with wildly laughing fields,
ears failed to hear the order winkily given:

INSURER: Bring a bowl of Lentil Soup from All-open
Stand to the Lilac Bench.

WITNESS: Nor saw rubric
grin flash brighter, grimmer, nor heard Cop sing:

COP: Hayfoot, strawfoot,
sunny hank of hair,
clubfoot, splayfoot,
brightness falls from air.

WITNESS: Towns so rapidly with cancer-rage devour
adjacent fields, it may be here where Dandy
rose. If so, bench where they stopped is there.
Dandy took the proffered bowl and drank.

ANYBODY: Sing in Thrace, Thebes, dine
in Cana, in Sorek supine:
Samson polled;
Oedipus, blood not brine;
in serpent-fold
Orpheus' emptied shrine
sending him down; and Christ ascending his sign:
tempters twist and twine the sold
stake under daily blandness: the cold
moment not the wilderness, but water into wine.

WITNESS: Who has seen swamped deer held downing in quagmire,
its eyes as Warden approaches, touches, pulls;
and has seen a well-enough creek feel in its bank
a sudden gap of diverting release and tumble
its waters to end in irrigation, not sea; and sees
these both: sees Dandy turn as Insurer begins.

INSURER: My boy, when you have drunk. . . .

DANDY: I drink.

INSURER: You drank.

DANDY: I drink.

INSURER: Drink is Now. Drank was Then.
Where is the beer that tanged into goldening ripples
till In all mellowed like sun on wind-bent wheat?
Where lie the nine heaved and emptied kegs?
Where now the bloat unemptied bladder? Go void.

WITNESS: Dandy laid down the bowl, and went and beheld
such chemistry of change, and returned, and held the bowl.

INSURER: Where the lentil's lilac folded flower,
where the pod, where the earth-brown seed,
where the long-brewed soup, once embowled,
that poured to belly's warmth and cleared the brain?

WITNESS: Downward Dandy stared. Who has seen
a rubber band stretched taut, tauter, more,
till from infirmest traitor spot, in immediate
repudiation, adjacents snap apart,
once oval so straightened: sees Dandy's hand from bowl
as apostles from Judas. In three the dropped bowl lies.

ANYBODY: Where find ease for eyelids stuck
as pegged apart, eyes blaring
at tethered buck
of all eyes other, like-faring?
Where can eyes rest on luckier luck?

WITNESS: The fragments lay like cradle winged back and fore.
And Insurer pointed.

INSURER: What hands held Was.
This threefold fragment Is. Now watch conversion:
Was and Will Be reconciled in Is.

WITNESS: The broken Now he glued to one, seeming
seamless. And Dandy's eyes were o shining!

INSURER: Drinking, you drank. Having drunk, you must pay. You will
pay.
Having drunk, you pay in repair to drink again.
This world is simple. All things lead forth all things.
Owing for these and paying, you're fiefed with those
exquisite circles where we all keep place.

Only the rupture, the refusal, of Ought, the shying
from shame, hardening of guilt in alien stare,
these are the wayward who perish in the stiffness of their necks.
Kneel to assume the due: repeat after me,
beating with clenched right fist the entrenched and stubborn
heart once each for each fragment that was:
Drinking, I drank.

DANDY: Drinking, I drank.

INSURER: Amen.

Having drunk, I will pay.

DANDY: Having drunk, I will pay.

INSURER: Amen.

That I may freely drink again.

DANDY: That I

may freely drink again.

INSURER: Amen.

DANDY: Amen.

ANYBODY: The wheels these unglamorous sirens bind
us on are seldom of fire:
cold iron to grind
to chitter late laddering lyre;
cold grin at curdling eye, ground blind.

WITNESS: Who has seen, near-fledged, a nestling squint
and lift, its whole head vanished agape for feeder's
push to crawl: sees Dandy toward Insurer.

INSURER: Seamless now as uncut you're woven soundly
into past. But future comes. You need policy.
Before, behind, beneath, above, all just
beyond eyes' angling, lurk to pounce disasters
unpronounceable in the breathing span of one man,
tilting balance, shattering equilibrium,
turning waking into nightmare's bone-dissolving grip.
Freewheeler beseches and gets eccentric castastrophe.
I've a pottery-mending cousin. He'll give you a place.
You'll pay off the Barkeep and drink till Cockalorum's last
squawk.

And buy this policy, protection in stable security,
adjustments provided for any specified crisis,
assured insurance, guaranteed warranty. O
you'll be proud of our slogan, You're Safe With Safe.
Just sign your
John Henry, boy, make your mark.

WITNESS: And Dandy signed.

EVERYBODY: Tempter's suasion into error
(as sting of tears is our own salt)
merely clears, through later terror,
large enough for sight, our fault.

III

WITNESS: In Paradise Bar the lights flick a grin as Dandy
Brown strides in, and the jukebox shaking winks.

JUKEBOX: O say can you see
why the old beer champ he
aint what he used to be,
used to be
the kid the kid the buck of all sparks,
got cropped in the park
on midsummer's night,
ding dong bell,
pussy's delight,
all is not well,
o say can you see
what Dandy lost off in the park?
what Dandy left back in the park?

WITNESS: Dandy plumps down a ten dollar bill. The Barkeep
bows. The guardian Denizens bend. And Dandy orders a draft.

JUKEBOX: Lost off in the park,
left back in the park,
can you tell in the dark,
tell at all in the dark,
what the Lilac Bench knows
happened where Dandy arose
in Penny Eeling Park?

WITNESS: Dandy lifted his glass to the Barkeep and smiled.

BARKEEP: Pottery-mender's apprentices must not smile.

WITNESS: Dandy swallowed. He wiped his lips. And turned
to face the circling rest, and tentatively smiled.

DENIZENS: Smiling not allowed on these premises.
No smiling in public conveyances.
No smiling in private residences.
No smiling in public places.
A smile is a man's worst friend.
No smiling in people's faces.
No smiling permitted.
No smiling on the job.
No smiling in bed.
No smiling in your sleep.
A grin or two may be discreetly used.
But smiling is strictly forbidden.

WITNESS: The Insurer touched Dandy's shoulder, shaking his head.

INSURER: You're Safe With Safe until you smile. Dont smile.

WITNESS: Who has seen a terrapin wallow through bog
where giving depth of mud outheights his height;
or tractor through red clay refusing cleats:
sees Dandy struggle through the cluster and out
to tread the rounds to bed to rise and tread.

JUKEBOX: Lost off in the dark,
left back in the park.

ANYBODY: Tongues clamor to break this stutter of blight:
at our bright adventure's height
some in-thing caught
us, shooed us into flight,
o slyly taught
us comfort of unseeing sight:
worse is knowing nothing will come in this night
we're lukewarmed in, in zero by nothing sought,
battles lost not even fought:
but worst, in fright, no desire for bannering fight.

WITNESS: Who has seen ox-tongue delicatessened,
slabbed and cold: knows kind of Dandy's silence.
Who has seen in dreams a dead clown's face:
knows Dandy's on its daily daily round.
Eclipsed, what's glimpsed is theoretic show.

EVERYBODY: Driving need for absolute,
all one, secured and time atoned,
inspires man's thrust: attained, lays mute
live tongue, fired blood, wired nerve, astoned.

This final land of death's dominions
holds all but him who can through doom
in peril force death's liver minions
to raise, by grace, such tomb to womb.

BOOK OF TRIAL

I

EVERYBODY: When Father is obscured in drought
and Son bemeaned by stiff grimed hand
and, sea sought, drowner's shout
absorbed by waking world's demand,

man must down in dreamer's den,
risk brain in grot and groin of lair,
that Ghost may manifest again
the poles that circuit dazzling air.

WITNESS: In lag and scurry days abrade. Night
is hiatus. Here chain's virtue is proved by lack.
Who has seen, before it falls, slit steer,
throat wide agape, flung head collapsed and stark
on back, much backer than baying dog's, the eyes
like suns straining from eclipse, and has felt the bawl
too belated to be bellowed: sees Dandy nightly standing
in room insured at the Y, while haggard moon
waned down the sky, and feels his soundless howl.
In subway, among the discrete as cellophaned,
Dandy, unlitely, body held as not.
Probing grins in the street get no grin back.
Who has seen a packaging machine, its meticulous
economical twitch: sees Dandy stooled at mending
table, through hunch of shoulder no ripple, elbows,
as grafted, rigid to hipbones, arm and forearm
still, only from wrist through fingers precision.
But eyes (any up-peering could see) at random
dilate, as if remembrance swam through, or dabbled
a stir of what, unhad, was farther than memory.

ANYBODY: Current untraceable of loss that cleaves us,
untimed, vaguer than morrow,
more bereaves us,
leaves us more broken by sorrow
than predictable sea that ebbingly heaves us.

WITNESS: Again in Paradise Bar Dandy stands
with his draft, ears splitting with hush of violence, these
stoppered storms leaning on bar, eyes following
drearly Barkeep's neatly dispensing hands,
no relief but cash register's regular clang.
Suddenly Dandy felt coring in caverns of pressure,
an up-leaping—throbbing throat. Found head,
too busy for wonder, as magnetized, steadily
sluing round. And eyes went out to eyes.
Lookings spurted and pooled in murky room.
And there amid, urgent, heart's lack disporting,

arcking glancier than rainbow, all dolphined wonder
 sunnily splashed far memory into remembrance.
 Melinda Lou intently withdrew her eyes
 (pool's radiance quivered still) and turned, tranced
 and trancing, and sped through the doors of Paradise Bar.
 Who has seen in steadily Aprilling March
 a yare and leashless kite, scarcely dipping,
 riding smoothly the wind, and on string unseeable
 a red as holiday pennant bouncing breezily
 after: sees Dandy bounding from the town.
 Moon rides low over thicket of elder where Lurer
 by Lured pursued is held, and all gap pooled.
 As elderflowers unripely drop in this storm
 and clocked angularity, lockless, regains liquefaction,
 caverns of howling are bewitched into mazes of wander,
 and Dandy scarce can smile for singing wonder.

ANYBODY: When blue eyes blaze, it's the Lady of Phases:
 first all-riddled she dazes us,
 unmasking she crazes
 us bitchly in labyrinth mazes us
 where Nightmare on gripped flesh indelicately grazes.

WITNESS: Moon's light slanting may have worked illusion.
 In Melinda Lou's dark eyes, now open, glazed,
 suddenly Dandy saw such blue, such icy
 glitter, such unconfidential malice,
 he leapt, turned in air and landed running.
 Dandy's run was brief, vortically down
 through moonlit shifting field, hound-heeled,
 and plunge under waking to Nightmare's range and run.

EVERYBODY: Grant us grace from spring that we
 alone and dreaming can not touch,
 that when our riddled self we see,
 we ravel free from riddle's clutch.

II

INTROIT TO DREAM

LENTILS: Jake copped what he saw. It's yourself bends your mind.
 Sham sun's balder, but Eddy Pussy knows what a don is.
 O seriously, Crisco will fry your wren. Well, set us.
 Die a nice hush or fee us thrashing down.
 INTERCOM: Roamings, Cuntrymen and Glovers. Sport to birth.
 LENTILS: All pod's villains got news he sinned her as he sunned her.
 White as the dolor of his due-love's is this the face
 that lanced a rousing, slipped a thousand launchings?
 O brightness balls through lair nor cask for wine.

INTERCOM: At tension, Homunculi. Spurt to berth.
 WITNESS: AS Niagraed and tunneled. Should be haven upward.
 DREAMER: Look at my randy rivals. Honeybees, honeys,
 swarm on. I'll somersault the highway and get there before you.
 Lovely clovered-over field, cooing, bebuzzed.
 Where's the jackpot? You just dally while I hunt.
 Where's eastering egg? That one? The blue one. There.
 Leap to home. The winner by a flip!
 Burrowing, cuddled and yolked in giddy-yap sleep.
 LENTILS: Yellow locks are Yellow locks are Yellow yataghans locks are
 INTERCOM: Calling all cramps. Calling all cramps. Watch it.
 Rigor-roll reverses. Risk a shift.
 LENTILS: Hayshoes Crossed Clues or fix us or chasm. Sunny?

1

INTERCOM: Rise and shine. Rise and shine. Downing
 up time. Crack the spell to heat the band.
 Shell out. Brighten the corner. Where who are.
 JUKEBOX: Cocky Bobbin bobbed up his neck,
 Cocky Bobbin pecked a great peck.
 All the King's hue-who and all the King's cry
 couldnt keep Cocky from busting the sky.
 Rise for the Queen.
 INTERCOM: Leave the egg to love the land. It's tidal.
 Lighten the cornice. Fare you lark. Timing
 up, Down. Rise and shine. Rise and shine.
 DREAMER: Ties and twine I'm knot all raveled. I hunch
 reveille really a flip over up and over . . .
 Cockadontdoodle Here's no mickle room . . .
 Bust the byre, baby, be a bebop,
 as the beak grows it knocker knock knocks and . . .
 Peck up to peek Taptoo a shatter, baby . . .
 Tantara! and the walls come tumbling bluely down.
 O stretching expands loose horizoned morning
 rise starry I know eyes are soon sun . . .
 Lookit the little Misty, the girly-loose Twisty, sashaying
 down the valley. I'm all a-hanker, Sweet,
 for your moisty little gauzey.
 Keep it for me, hear? O lookit the Slipper Shadow,
 dark and broody there. He's miming me.
 Himming am I. Look, she's thinning a rainy.
 She mizzles she muddles she's cuddley she's delta isle or
 it's the Lilac Bench. So reckless you smile I miss
 the underland where you the snuggling lass.
 Look, my Double shadily coils up under.
 I'm high and so onely. I think I go park too.
 Just wild about those two, my Hugme Down
 and Misty Clue. Drop, kid, and nab 'em. Dont goosey,
 Gamble. Proctor the tickle and mystery hide.

JUKEBOX: They're bound in the park
 to haunt you to dark,
 they'll darken the park.

DREAMER: Dig that crazy juke's wacky quacks.
 Hi, kids. Can I? Now twosome's threesome. What?
 You want to play Find Man's Stuff? I'm it? Okay.
 Twine me round with seven green withes. And see
 my bounden feet bust loose and bondless leap
 to herding arms. Stop licking my toe, Shady,
 Honey. Take care of your own stones, I've got my bread.
 O look at Saucy stewing up Seesaw earthtight.
 But dont think of me. Snide and go sneak again.

JUKEBOX: Have a little bride,
 you better have died,
 there's noway to hide,
 not with a bride.
 Have a little twin,
 all exits are sin,
 you never will win,
 not with a twin.

DREAMER: Shirk off, Juke. Gig a cold pack of borax borax.
 Another bout of Bind Man's Ruff? Okay.
 Lap me tight with seven new ropes. And see
 my bounce to choose a new pa, choose a new ma.
 Now whoever can I be? Stop slopping my knees, Buddybop.
 Washup yourself. Kingdom come keeps me busy enough.
 O when the voice is the voice of, but hairy are the hands,
 you neednt think of me. Spied and go squeak again.

JUKEBOX: Your he and your she,
 stay on and you'll see,
 your grinny twin he,
 your giggly bride she,
 with kissing and glee
 nail you to a T,
 then where will you be,
 be where you will be.

DREAMER: Shuck you, Corny. Fodder's your speed. Go lax.
 Okay. This final round of Grind Dan's Buff.
 Braid my seven locks and weave them in a web
 and pin that web to any cross tree and see
 me bounding away for a brand new start, new life.
 For wherever I be's not there. Double, you,
 get off my middle. Throw yourself if you're queer
 for flight. The angels are busy washing Father's hair
 and I get seasick anyway floating in air.
 Look southerly . . . Heehaw seesaws . . . Bleeding Eat 'Im's
 hunting Cheat 'Im . . . dont trust no let down ladders . . .
 When Saucy you see flightly like a flea god save us
 you may as well think of me. Hide clocks and all laughter.

JUKEBOX: Cut off in the park,
cast out in the dark,
done dark in the park.

DREAMER: Bowling all knocked out and bowling
all-bowled bowl drops calling Stop

INTERCOM: Calling all cramps. Calling all cramps. Watch it.
Rigor-roll reverses. Risk a shift.

ANYBODY: Pity for Sleeper in sleep
unable and open
as sloop
by storm snatched up and
slid down swallowing slope.

2

INTERCOM: Calling all grooms. Calling all grooms. Tidal's
running. Crow hen grins. Send all suns.
To Bridles. Stalling all glooms. Stalling all glooms.

JUKEBOX: Marry marry while you're hairy,
see how your beard will grow
with sickled bells and cockless shells
and potted meats all shelved in a row,
wintery treats, vitascized eats,
stewed up in the dark, canned tight in the park.

INTERCOM: Hauling all brooms. Hauling all brooms. Up
Coys and Adam. My Mom Is Thee. Be Crows.
It's Tribal. Trawling all blooms. Trawling all blooms.

DREAMER: Tighten down a sec. The Lilac Bench
is loosening up a curve. Go red in your pogrom,
Bawler, you're prong. Yon Lone-Star Hankering Zero
bats out or butts in a bitter blink later than you think
while the Flea and the Fly buzz the dope
of the belling of the dud
of the Singlessman. The Fuller Bushman. But now's
clipsack clime. I know, Delightful, you're changed
up well. You're so cradley and all. But Twinny's gone sneaky
again so peeky blue all around that oak,
too spooky. Miss me, Dear, while I stunnish him up.
Doney, I love you so. Cant you try
being one? You've grown up so dark and frisky. I do
lean to your liveness, but you're so twisty. Try
to reform, and we'll pride in a crycycle guilt for two.
You cant? You wont? Be then mistletoe!
O my Cinder Sue, how your melons grew!
I'll just play down in your lap for a snoozy just a nap,
my Kindler you, look how my tickler grew . . .
you're surely so safe with those pools where your eyes . . . well,
I'll tell you where to find man's luck it's all in the hair
found bound in the hair sleep flowers through air care
for my hair lap's like cradle and all calls

JUKEBOX: Your brindle coo
 crops and grazes:
 be dwindled you:
 my grin to you:
 tails up and raises
 the wind to you.

INTERCOM: Brawling all dooms. Brawling all dooms. Bedding's
 lating. Step pride along. Eye the bride.
 Bat out. Falling all booms. Falling all booms.

DREAMER: The boom is the doom of but the foison is jivey. Lentil
 foists his falling sold slack hoe. I'm drumming,
 I'm humming. For the bed is pending glow. O pay.
 I'm mumming strumming on the old dildo. Look
 yonder in the town! I thought her behind, but ahead
 she shines. Collude, collate, o grabjest date.
 Where she gleams Caryatid's crazy for me.
 Sign low, Icecariat, drumming for to harry my comb,
 for my heart's flighty handy where she glimmers
 in the square and her shimmies
 are a aying bow or a eyeing bow.
 O where she smiles, arky lambents fountain
 up, like Ire trickling woestain into fainbow.
 So we'll let Harry Cain blow: I'm bound for leaven.
 Tramp tramp tramp the duds are shouldered.
 Now what's that littering along twixt me and my pride?
 No plundercuss can budge me to ditch. Scram.
 Triplecrossed road is my right. On my wedding day
 you cant get away with blocking my way. Scram.
 What daunteth it me that chest of drawers on your back.
 It's no kin off my rose if it's Gorgon le Fay
 or Fata Manana or Scratchygocruizey. So scram.
 A trusty stick is the good knight's road companion.
 Tup, poise and bat 'em. Look at them drawers, popping
 busting clang out like a stash register. Look
 at the eels jacks in the box down boys down boys
 off with their heads enough of their heads pop!
 here's the daddy the pops pop goes the eelking!

JUKEBOX: The eel, the eel, the king of all shakes,
 when affixed to the Sphinx, makes
 a very good tail:
 who, ignoring the Sphinx, kills
 the eel the eel the king of all ills,
 will raise a shrill wail,
 clipped of his spark,
 nipped into dark.

INTERCOM: Thralling all tombs. Thralling all tombs. Goose
 the shroud and tickle the veil. Loose the lock
 for leave. Galling all wombs. Galling all wombs.

DREAMER: The air, where she rosely nods the glimmer on,
haloes the Square, where faces near noon await.
There's something to do. Heroes need be zeros.
Wait! The lean one there's familiar as darkness.
As of my bosom. As riven from own flesh.

SPHINX: What:
Tetrapod: forespraws fore horning:
Bipod: bisexes atoned:
Tripod: triplimps trebletrepid husk:
Not?

DREAMER: Easy as knocking the King Frog off his log:
Aces equals Titter Tad:
Deuce equals Bye to Dad:
Tray equals Try to Add:
Aces Deuce and Tray equals Everybody.
Just everybody speeding round between bat-hit and home-plate.
But dont confuse base and pod. An old Eeler
like you forgetting the dealer Three are the bases,
but there's an extra pod. Riddle should go:
pentapod tripod tetrapod.
Not?

JUKEBOX: Poor diddled Diddle, he fiddled the riddle,
his Down's humped over his Noon,
the little Bride laughs inside the Queen,
and the Twin's got the sign from the Moon.

INTERCOM: O yes. O yes. O yes. Be Pop. Claim utter.
Make a feast. Talk up to. Be ripe for. All men.

DREAMER: Gazies and Lentilmen. Candiedly, as I am Abel,
I will pilot on to water your mouths and bulge
your bellies. And glory with heapest platitude
in your uneyeing thanks. So thanks. Peased
to solve diddle. So peased to king you. So so
peased to bridle your queen, dovely as I blink her,
to be dandled as she will parent. So you just fall
to stuffing hearty, it's all from your loosied lockets,
while I just kibitz a fisher up this veil.
First I would like to say, she'll be all my life,
be she dovely or lideous. Now fall you to beasting,
while I cop a gander up which of Layman's waters.
It's you! My pair of dice, my shimmy pool.
You cast a dance in my midst, so why you're reticent?
Sure you're a dish to delight a hairy man's hurry.
I feel near swoony just basking in your castor aura.
Sit in my lap now. I'll plump you with titty-twits.
Who's the gawker? Any skin to you?
The leaner in the dark? Always this gauche? Aside?
I find it easy to yearn to dark-favored starers,
do you, Dove? Limber as cane. Mind if I invite?
Sit right. Always sit left? So mute?

Well, we'll spook a spar when the soil's belly full. O pay?
 Grinny, is mine the eye you're trying to latch?
 Nothing but water? Am I to make it wine?
 O pay. Water be wine! Everybody dine!

JUKEBOX: By lo Starry Wonder,
 Buddy's out from under,
 he's got a little golden sickle
 to make his Starry Wonder trickle.

INTERCOM: O Jeez! O Jeez! O Jeez! Bane glows on the sly.
 Many Many tickles up Starson. Fall Man.

DREAMER: Shove your scorchlight lower, it's blank in my size.
 Don't tingle my navy, Dovey, it's pubic here.
 Look at Lefty, shriveling up and wrinkling
 down like a nagging kite of sinbit.
 Looker! Budding dugs like a damp potato!
 Fake it easy, Lefty. Hag's tire easiest.
 Lookest! Wriggling out a curlicue.
 A crone again. Now rearing a pillar of black.
 Please rake up your mind. I get tizzy with you ranging.
 You eager to stake a laughter-sinner speech?
 Well, swipe the grin off my face and batter your eyes.

LEFTY: Are you the Ring of all Clues?

DREAMER: You said it. Brand new.

LEFTY: Jack youse: you faked highly sign in the sky.
 Your blood aint golden even. It' red as clay.

DREAMER: Nickilling me! Guilt wore dream's other guy.

LEFTY: Jack youse: you thumped off the head of Mother's tail.
 You ruddily bloodied the pale of Mother's dear water.

DREAMER: No pippery squeak can slot my right of way.

LEFTY: Jack youse: you drank up Momma's chamber pot.
 And you've got to pay hay hay you've got to pay.

DREAMER: O say can you peep! You Peeper up a Sleeper.

LEFTY: Jack youse: You Adamite: You Are Man!

DREAMER: Dovey, blanch the lilac and bind up my hair,
 I'm so crewed if I'm not cut I never can see.

LEFTY: Jack youse: You Ex-Edener: You Are Man!

DREAMER: Have a little bread, some body? Sorry it's broken.
 Try a little wine? It's so bloody red, so sorry.

LEFTY: Jack youse: You Worm-feast: You Are Man!

DREAMER: I never meant I mean I tried I know
 it's a shame to giggle, but I was so funny
 watching while I wandered round and died.

JUKEBOX: What's dark in the park,
 all mute in the dark,
 doesnt know what to do,
 never knew what to do,
 will never know what to do.

INTERCOM: O yes. O Jeez. O yes. Dream on the other.
 Wash the stainblow out of the eye. All men.

DREAMER: Swat a slyer? Spray him no kind, my Dove.
 Kumquat may, my tree aint shook so sleazy.
 You, Bounced, exit out. Go fleece the birds.
 My, what a griddle stick you'd make if the birds sang bass.
 Sinough. Daisies and Fennelmen! I'm slaphappy
 to proclaim—unstop your hears and crystallize
 your highs—the Neon of Udopia is arrived!
 The Zera of Universal Please is arraigned.
 And every fanacea beats the ban.
 Some edicts new. Zion! Sky down with the Clam.
 All you beat your whores into housewares, and your leers
 into swooning looks. And dont buddy boyar no more.
 Only lisper while I news abruit the news.
 Glad on the Rainbow Jacket, son of my hope.
 Or twine you twin again? Misty Rainy's son?
 You darkle to be so flight. Please to flow
 a bittle to scotch all battles. And yell the others
 the coo. And then home in. For we'll forever
 all be boys revoicing in sinnosense.

JUKEBOX: Down in the deeping,
 hear that tidal glee,
 all the dolphins am a-sleeping:
 Landy's in the cold cold sea.
 Some Crown's body cries a-foundering in the wave,
 some Clown's body tries a-floundering
 some Crown's body flies a

INTERCOM: Shanty. Slanty. Scanty. Wane low all you Cainbeaux.
 A moment. A bell a while flowers fruits in final.
 Redream a coda. Scanty. Slanty. Shanty.

DREAMER: Deep lie-lolling, lapped in the lyre-lulling dolor of the laves,
 slumbered here and mandragoraed where liltliting
 is downer and blanders yield their poppies' flow.
 Delayer deals ireful? You're the eyelet of under,
 but hope I umpire mine. See, worms weave furrowing
 among dark mandrake pylons. Hear shriek as landslides?
 Hag claw tears out and bares the fatted prongs
 to withering seizure of air. Care? Are we?
 Here's where careless heroin's delicate stalk
 scarce stirs the lotus-belling dream. How wide
 it parasols our teem from air's bite.
 You pardon. I must leave and up for awhile to reign
 the life of the wryly. The port of appeals awaits
 the ring the ring the ben of alarms. My fear
 little mother to be, you will flit raining beside me.
 How proud they will be of their Gourd
 and their Shady together.
 How sunny all arches triumph over town,
 balmy as foliday's flagons of sunny daze.

It's jammed fabulous. Look how copulace seeps,
 only to smudge the rim of my darlint, singing,
 "O Luck's Dandy! Whose Dandy? Who's on a spree?
 He's come from Pilzermania with his panzer hanging free."
 That mistletoe still sneaky in oak's regalia?
 Down, Prickredeemus. You know, palm's so thick
 my laurel dont show, but holly . . . Sonny will be
 glorious returning from far all rainbowed and shimmer . . .
 good buy, that coat, will last him a wifetime . . .
 it's ease for thistling heart, having a homing
 widgeon carrying on, so glad I got him.
 How glad I am to find her rarer than siren . . .
 Melinda Lou, and I never knew how well . . .
 why she heartens me so full I have to smile . . .
 we'll have our home and grow together all ripe . . .
 There the lyring. It's still our wedding feast.
 Look! It's me. My hands do scope this sound . . .
 and I never knew about it. O
 Melinda Lou, all from you this grew.
 It will spell still all raging blood I know.
 Why, we together have power to weave umbrellas
 of dreaming to garden all wilderness to singing..
 All years this smiling sound down within,
 and I never knew Melinda Lou . . .

INTERCOM: Calling all cramps. Calling all cramps. Watch it.
 Rigor-roll reverses. Risk a shift.

ANYBODY: Pity for him steeped far
 in sleep held sodden
 when fair
 turns of a sudden
 to navel-shrilling fear.

3

INTERCOM: Now hear this. Horning all traffic. Pop's pooped.
 Mom bled bright abed. All Bobbers goat left.
 One wane. Deep left. Traffic all horning. Over.

JUKEBOX: Cocky Bobbup bounced to the top.
 Cocky Bobbup was a great flop.
 All the King's orders and all the King's yen
 couldnt glue Cocky to Bobbup again.
 Wait for the Queen.

INTERCOM: Now fear this. Man's in danger. Proceed
 lowly. By bedlight. Peep gauche and next chute sinister.
 Up Crops and down him. Danger's in man. Over.

DREAMER: Her deal a lie? Lop? Are you a depiler?
 Be I no dumb, I smell the suds of a leech,
 is one? No snoop snouting here? Sure no shaver?
 No canslitpants Haloreaper? No sham to shun?

See I so mum. Bell the buds of a dozing . . .
 Frittle my crockofpile a little, Deep Niler.
 No lapwinging now, just beguiler a bit the mountings.
 Plumper the plumbing to snooze me easy like.
 Holly holly everywhere and not
 a spike to wink furze whinnies gorseawful.
 Rife, will you cast a glide in the Square and palm it.
 It's crammed grabulous. Spook how the toppleyouace deeps
 only to cadge the skim of my varmint, slinging:
 "Cluesy fry him! Who's flying? Who's got a gimp?
 He's bound for Piecergravia with his anchor hanging limp."
 Must be gristle for tow-mill here, think?
 Botch with me, I fray. It's buy time the flower
 is at hand. Rainbow's overclue. Knows if I bide him.
 O.Jack up slopes. The coat will beat the rann.
 Isnt that Slipper-in? He huges. Dim
 I grope snout? Or ears square hugeous ears?
 I barred in time, I think. Who slippeth his hand
 with me in the fish? The kiss? Clue dust? Who bushed?
 For sun, Life of my buds, splotch with me while
 I hanker for the clue the clue the key of all clues.

What?

	Aced	equals	Feet were bad:	what?
SLIPPER-IN:	Tethered		Bondbuster-	
DREAMER:	Deuced	equals	Lie for Dad?	who?
SLIPPER-IN:	Binomial:		Namehider!	
DREAMER:	Trayed	equals	Fly to gad:	where?
SLIPPER-IN:	Triubiquitous:		Spot you're on!	

Then?

DREAMER: Fife, stay! Joke-caster, could you not
 dodge with me one cower? Will this tup lasso me?
 Where's my lack it? My rain low sweet carry it?
 Snouty undulates his boxy ears!

JUKEBOX: Herder Heard a Lowkey.
 Looky, says Lowkey, Balderdash.
 Hurter mistlebowed him in the Baldric.
 Ball dervished and Bawl derried down.
 O seer is Set O sea-risk Settled.
 Add honest and what can a good man do
 but Dye an eye susceptible?

INTERCOM: Now clear this. The wail of the simple. Birth quakes
 and rocks are hint. Up Chops and eat him. Over.

DREAMER: Sinnabar! Is this all Wryer's bequeath?
 Then what? Thriced. Then who? Crissed. Now here!
 Hordeyrounding bedsiegers? Up, boy, and scram 'em!
 Clipped in the main, all might slackens like baby.
 Here's many-dolored dote all ruddy with hint.
 Mom-rife bed pops blood! Beddingcurd hangs!
 Cant free my pair of dice from python's coil!

SLIPPER-
ROUND: Jack youse: You Dusttodust! You Are Man!
DREAMER: Eel eye! Eel eye! Manness I cant deny!
Pull down the blinds please. Stuck? Rake out the suns!
JUKEBOX: Blacker turn o Mime in thy Blight.
ikoL that sinodA redoH lent
siriso redlaB yrinth
and susynoiD the teS teS up
but She koL lates and teS sellates
in Icest box (Simile) As tart's pot
til Frigya goes be tsirhC again
sisI Cybele
INTERCOM: Now bier this. Get it before it cools.
For Ever Afters. Up, Hag, and box him. Over.
DREAMER: Sunder as I yonder. Ex. Dust.
Does clot. Dim promise fuzzes cold? onus.
Dont peck up my pieces. Leave me dusty alone.
Potted's no treat for me. I dont care
if Other's riding randy. I like the dark.
And dont comment my sleep. Tired of rigor.
I'm gyring down to fay rowan's land to dote.
I'm byring down a far aromier manger.
I'm lyring down through glade-ease to lure some newer
INTERCOM: Calling all cramps. Calling all cramps. Watch it.
Rigor-roll reverses. Risk a shift.

EVERYBODY: Grant us grace: that we survive,
when weary yearning, deep emboned,
bends us, curved, for deeper dive;
that rising surge be deeper throned.

III

WITNESS: Who has seen a windlass cranked, when load
drags heavier down than drawing muscles regularly
are able for, mustered force in strain
pulling up, push and over, and rest,
leaning all weight on crank to hold the gained,
and up again and over, brief fixture and up
again: sees Dandy as he has lain, not lain but tossed
as pole-vaulter thrusting, turning, down,
or dancer in slowed motion drawn to left,
to right, and back, imprisoned in music's cue.
So metabolic rigor constrained him, clocked.

ANYBODY: All mystery of stricken virtue astounds us,
certainties are lost:
Colonus hounds us
with riddle of blessing's cost:
but what was tombed three day's confounds us.

WITNESS: Who has seen, in own dream, Laocoon
unfreeze from marbled stance, again writhe
with Writher, or felt it; or seen the Other beheaded,
the spastic thrashing of unwilling severed nerve:
sees Dandy's wrestle with the clamps of dream
to burst beyond such cycling, not be caught
in reassembled egg's next up and down,
dive through belling lotus' very stem,
through navel, through Shaper down to verity of sleep.
So drawn his face, averted eyes more decent.

ANYBODY: Were only our course to stillness, laking us
all basined, an end to this aching
of making us, flaking us:
is never this sap-sucking, raking
wind fatigued, as we, with shaking us?

WITNESS: Who has seen a pebble swirled round whirlpool's
brim, curling in downward swing, then fall
unhurried now through medium down: sees Dandy
now. Wrestling is done. Limbs are easy,
body as boneless, and look is smile that graces.

EVERYBODY: Praise to what we can not name,
nor gender give, nor story shape:
the hand, the ash, the wood, the flame:
the vintner, vinyard and the grape.

All gods, all men, all things all are
in varied show the valid same:
the twinkling brain, the eye, the star:
the framer framing and the frame.

BOOK OF ERROR

I

EVERYBODY: This being, been and unbeen Void,
with all Becoming full implied,
all boundaries of self destroyed,
is here, to sense, by self, denied.

For man, where Ghost of gap turns full
is where the dream-done sleeper sleeps,
all reconciled, and gone the pull
of Do; till waked, as born, he weeps.

WITNESS: Dandy lies where he plunged, in flight or search;
where hounds bayed him, or some white fleetness drew him;
where many have lost redness of lips, hips' staunchness;
where brain's own clarity uneyes, and unwells own wells.
As cradled in elderwood, he lies beneath
the mortal scent and wan white canopy
of elderflowers, through night's vaguening black.
Sudden, darker, stillness calls to dawn.

ANYBODY: We all must dream and under bore,
or be borne, downer, to undoor
well-spring to dower
us again with splurging ore
to empower us, flower
us golding to fruitings core:
but there, Ghost or Muse or Maid or Whore
or Hag or Boar, harrowed by Plougher,
is as liable, more likely, to render him shower
of bliss, or blight, or null, through own bright gore.

WITNESS: Who has seen with surf's recession sand,
mauved as chill, shiver readying shift
from shoreland to beach, perhaps eventual dune;
or, after lengthened drought, as India's spring,
briefly blaze of wind ceased from wrenching,
on gape of horizon first cloud (not cloud, promise)
move, massing, soaring, and leaves of banyan
uncertain quiver, turning, lift—and certain,
fling in raptus, and bystanding eye largen
with lust for thrill to nostril of dry soil drenched;
or, in body resigned of will somehow, while,
passive to hypnotist, or slack to presser of lungs,
shudder of will, reluctant returning, or shaking
gasp of lungs at last resuming own task:
sees Dandy stir and start from ease as blithe
as any weak man's dream of paradise.
Who has seen a lobster properly nipped,

its dangling, darting, clicking claws in vain:
 sees Dandy's hands, boxer's, wrestler's, blindman's.
 Who has seen, with traffic snarling, Cop
 fling out both arms to stop all cars for ponder;
 or Convict, against his gate, fling out to grasp
 extremest bars to steady vertigo:
 sees Dandy's hands parabolize and, grounded,
 moving straight apart (the image can not be unbowed to)
 grasp twin stems of elder, slender pylons
 of ruin (elder the witch tree, doom-wielder
 at winter solstice), hold for luck as they
 were alder (fire tree, preservative against water,
 oaring sun from flood to spring's solidity).
 Twin clutch irradiates tremors in the over-veil,
 white as bridal, white as bier, and trinity
 of elderflowers spiral whitely down,
 stressing on each eye and lips' communion
 winter's promise, blank trinodal seal.

EVERYBODY: When man, by daily trudge eroded,
 finds flippant mimic only voicing
 that sounds his distance, thrusts him goaded,
 may tried rebirth 'recharge rejoicing.

II

INTROIT TO DREAM

RANGER: Call for Slipup Mardust. Time for All
 Limpers Dandicap. Steeplechasers
 are goosey. Twit Mom to win. Deposit your toll.
 LENTILS: All pod's villains got dues. White is the dolor of.
 O lightness toils through air for mast for swine.
 Yellow locks are Yellow locks are Yellow yataghans locks are
 RANGER: Call for Tripup Starlust. Watch out for falling.
 Pomes. Fear Appalanches. No cutting cross loops.
 Chop no trees. Avoid. And good luck up.
 WITNESS AS DREAMER: Repel damson wheresee? The knell time sings
 cursey? The bell mimes man's hearsey?
 Lost? A linker clue? Your riddle say?
 Swam swan in your bitter sea? Who rode?
 Are you eddy or fickle? Be lily? Is real the lilac?
 Eye us inner. Curl rounder where its curveder.
 LENTILS: Say youse! Saw youse? Sun is blank in lair! Funny?

1

RANGERS Call for Phallphil Braintrust. Introit. It's scribal.
 Now is the time for all good men to drum
 up the Maid. Ready. On your mark. Get set. Go rip.
 DREAMER: Quickbeam failed to voice loss? Which lightning
 grinned through bully ash wattles? Fay doting undowered?

Luck: moil of white. Millrun? Streakier.
 Those are hares? Though red the ears, hounds? Chasers?
 Whiter other, calf? Fleeter. Fawn?

DICKYBIRD: All tempters try man
 to ruin in him man.
 What race is all lost
 before line is crossed

DREAMER: Riddle your riddlecy single. I know what I've lost.
 Shake an orbic from an old treed ban and brag
 the suiting on. Lapel shame sins mercy.
 Luckier: paler I coursing in full
 halloo, and she on jet mare swifter standing.
 O what golden lure in reared right hand!
 Spikes among tiara's white blossoming? Hagthorn?
 That dazzling reared is some brand fruit . . . it's pipped . . .
 it's called . . . appals memory from mind's appeal.

DICKYBIRD: The siren is hearse,
 all bliss is by curse,
 the curse seems a bliss
 so loss be more miss.

DREAMER: Bust your own bliss. I'm gay bowling over through the clover,
 sniffing round, snooping down for that re-arising yeasteregg.
 Cant tell a phoebe from a plover, but can I smell
 an egg from a dummy shell! Egg's so broody.
 Luckiest: eye the little Layer. Grope aground.
 West by North she flappywings along. Wrong.
 Grabble for nest to East by South. Here!
 All full it is of . . . where am? . . . I elsed not.
 Nest othered! Look, I'm so little here.
 Nested in cleft. From granite crotch, cliffs,
 steepler than eyes' gawk, crag and clutch sky.
 What's nest? Firmly twigged as willow-wattle.
 Whitely downed with horse's hair, all shuttled
 with owl's dun, mynah's raven's black,
 with cock's tail, phoenix crest, eagle's breast.
 Such litter, it valleys heart. These cleaned bones.
 Jawbones, mutely clacking riddles, riddle me.
 These orts of guts, spewed from craw's disgust.
 Her brood fix on me, ninefold, to suck gleely!
 Rush of malice prickles. Flesh geese. Eyes run.
 She blots out sky, gleeing, gliding, glowing.
 Hurry, Me, spiral back to seek.
 Throw a beanstorm. Eat a bean. Be vine.

DICKYBIRD: You cannot be man,
 and be more than man:
 who tries more than man,
 ends less than is man.

RANGER: Now is the time for all Would Men to bum
 and be bayed. Ready. On your mark. Get set. Go flip.

ANYBODY: Pity for him who will dare,
own will all hollowed,
the dire
far-reach of hallowed
mystery, force such door.

2

RANGER: Come, all you wraithful. Lose your tickets loosely.
In the claim of the Heather, the Sow and the Tripple Crossed.
Tenderawe! The hunt the hunt the haunt of all hunts.

DICKEYBIRD: Lessing Lack Borner
breaks from his corner,
bouncing a barrel of why.
He wiggles his tongue,
and slips out the bung,
and coos, what a bellboy am I.

RANGERS Come, all you dateful. Stick your necks out stiffly.
To the Dame of the Flower, the Fruit and the Slyng Thorn.
Tenderawe! The hunt the hunt the hint of all hunts.

DREAMER: Climbing higher than Orion rose
I rung my rise. Spying nigher than
Orion now I risk my eyes. Jacking
up my fall, lost treasure and all, laddering
up, green stalk by green stalk, to pack up and make off
with the brooder the brooder the breediest brooder. All golden.
O airy adnate rows are yon road's twining
spiraling of leafy dialethal steps, so twisty
through wind's North blow to backyard's still and night.
How silver, chrome-plated, aluminum at least, the mill!
Spheric and wheeling, what dazzle were sun straight down!
Glimmer as moon-mirrored lullabies. Blink off!
Wherever she be sleeping I am not.
Now o I'm full of memory of loss. All lost.
If other, deeper, Me-less, cant now be,
last cue is She, to more Me Me-less more.
I here will be, where Miller-in holds her hidden.
This high fence I'm sure is electrified.
Find a gap. Gawk that Sirius sorborous
block! Stand stiller. Scout sharp. Why, hell's bells
if it aint our old dog Trey. I remember the way.
Nice pupsy! I wouldnt hurt a bean. I dont even bite.
Look, I've brought a little treat, a dandy little sweet.
Turn all your six eyes all at once, and just look into mine.
That's right. Now arent mine hazel? Just daze a little.
Do they stick you out in the cold where all wind blows
and no sweet sniff? You whiff a sniff of this.
It's yummy. It's beany. It's three-timing cake, no fake.
So rest you down, and nibble all three, while I fickle
around the scratchthebelly bush and you'll be so comfy.

Have a little trauma. We'll talk a little tale to naught
all oaken stop. Now whisper. What's first clue in?

DOG: Who lurks in nub of own woven web, bound
by spell of first and last in a blotto lingo.

DREAMER: Got you. Then when in Quern Quercine is queried:
"Where Quarry?" What say?

DOG: It's damned good cake, and you fickle
funny, and you almost said it. But no mouth
of mine can babble that plum. Use hunch. Here's hint.
Eyetree. Aball. Afall. Apeal.

DICKEYBIRD: Break dream before Light
breaks wings into night.

RANGER: Now is the time for all Hood Men to strum
up a trade. Ready. On your mark. Get set. Go jip.

DREAMER: Open up your merrygobound. I'm spooking.
I'm snooking. I mean, I'm parking after a little
somewhat that lays a golden round and sound.
Actually, I'm just belated, and trying to be early.
I'm stalled a bit below your filling stop,
ready to swap a what for a what. I've come
for my battery back, to headlight the heartroad bright.
No point in sicking simper Fido. I'm simply
ready. Ask me the pass. And open me in.

THE LADY: What:
roots in deep mat,
purples in bloom,
spirals in pod?

DREAMER: Alfalfa fits. And it's pure poor fancy for Alpha.
Either I'm not dreaming so good or somebody's slipping.

THE LADY: Who:
ate a alfalfa?

DREAMER: The seventh from first, ubiquitous periodicity.
But that's a lousy way to drag Eta in,
pretty crude. Are you bonafide I wonder?

THE LADY: Completel

DREAMER: The hubby She. And She spins the whole shebang.
Ariadne's the Who, and Arianrhod the Where.
First riddle's unruned. Admit me now permit me to pry
a little through pretty silver wheel. I'm sure it will be
just gorgeous to see, but it's what you've got cached in the hub,
what you snatched back, that I'm errant-arrant after.
So pardon my errand.

THE LADY: Had you not nuzzled Dog's nozzle
the puzzle would stand. Adit's undone. Risk on.

DICKEYBIRD: Wake wake before eyes
fall deeper than risel

RANGER: Now is the time for all Wood Men to plumb
in the glade. Ready. On your mark. Get set. Go pip.

DREAMER: The mill the mill the wheel of all mills! Jeez,
 razzle-dazzle in here's dizzier than haloes in a tornado.
 It's so light it might as well be dark.
 Cant you take a break, and give a whirling
 eye a chance? Are you wheel, or do
 you hold? Are you still?

THE LADY: I am as I am.

DREAMER: I'd worship just to see a blink.

THE LADY: You'll see.
 In seeing time. All see time unfill.

DREAMER: Yes ma'am.

THE LADY: You've wormed. You've wangled. You've eaten my beans.
 So speak your piece. Laud and deny. Speak aim.

DREAMER: I'm not as saucy as I seem, Mother, Queen.
 I need my inner you. Somewhere I mislaid.
 All-undering Void I dived for. Spewed up as unready.
 I got here maybe unwitty. I dont really know
 how innerness goes. But mustnt we do, by sneaking
 and by peaking, when you're so chary of recipes?
 Rise I did, I think, or was it down,
 the other road? I'm once upon the time.
 Restore me muse that lights me to sky-signing.
 Without, I'm not farrow worth even devouring. Scarce husk.

THE LADY: You've jeopardized your all-after. Take prize if you plumb it.
 But fail to identify site of the ever-dreamed,
 and mill's grinding piecemeals unready venture.
 Name Where!

DREAMER: In Avalon are Hesperides

THE LADY: Where There!

DREAMER: In grove of fruit trees twenty and two

THE LADY: Where There!

DREAMER: It's Vesper Tree and smiles by rock
 There golden grows the gift of Gaea
 Was Aphrodite's golden prize
 Ah, Eve's rich gift to Adam's stumble!

THE LADY: Name Where!

DREAMER: My love lies under Appletree!

THE LADY: Had you not bribed my Hound, my Hind you'd never
 have found. Turn round. Face up. And no look back.
 Your She stands behind you to light skyward your wander.
 You may keep her through waking, and after, till orbit is done:
 unless you look backward, once backward, one look to eye her
 to pieces. Remake your mind. Deformulate.
 So warning: one look, and lack luster. Then final. Ascend now.

DICKEYBIRD: You're Adam too much,
 you're no other such.

RANGER: Now is the time for all Should Men to come
 and be weighed. Ready. On your mark. Get set. Go tip.

ANYBODY: Pity for Darer of Hell
 whose grip weakens,
 so haul,
 as freed, awakens,
 devours the heart, leaves hull.

3

RANGER: Attest, her fee dallies. Fool yourself a while more.
 In the flame of the Start 'em, the Stretch and the Grinny Gap.
 Tenteroff. The look the look the lust of all looks.

DICKEYBIRD: Lack and Rill
 toiled up the hill
 to make an old world newer:
 probing's cost
 is Rill was lost,
 and world's our same old sewer.

RANGERS Attest, her feed dailies. Sing for half a mile more.
 You're the shame of the Wheeler, the Run and the Switching Post.
 Tenteroff. The look the look the last of all looks.

DREAMER: This journey's like bud that blooms up all night to catch
 first shine of sun. O my sun shoots a-dazzle with delight!
 Ah well is the flower that opens all spring to fruiten
 summer-long. O I feel, Honey, how you throb.
 Rise is near done. There's ripple from sun-meeting-sun.
 O sunnier is shine of this welling all-willowly wine,
 all mine, my light and my wine! . . . Are you really there?

DICKEYBIRD: At last it's near done,
 the down of this sun,
 lost off in the park,
 regained in the dark,
 relost final prize
 before sun could rise.
 The story is old.
 Heart cold.

DREAMER: I feel, I think I do, I feel, you are,
 my siren you, behind, but feel is so wishy,
 and lurch into waking's a sharp disseverer of hunch,
 and who's so sure that Any's behind, Synthetic
 or She? Or maybe Slipper-in, suaving along
 in mock of my Maybe. And if the In goes? Clocked.
 Or maybe not a mock, not a mask, just a gag, all rooked?
 Our Lady's notorious widely as the Bitch of All Tricks,
 spin you round to shoot you up
 to wheel you down too dizzy all dazzled.
 Well, I wont go to wake till I know for a fact, will not,
 I will not wander wonderless. Melinda Lou,
 are you? Cant you sigh a sound? A wisp?
 Any heaven-hint? . . . I'll sneak just a slant
 askant to glimpse any nether part I know.

O my eyes leap blind with the glory of my love? Rise to wake
in me to shine the lump-loutish world all awake!

RANGER: Now is the time for all Could Men to mum
and be staid. Bready, on to dark! Let set. Low dip.

DREAMER: Her eyes turn pools of wavering how hair writhes,
yellowing, greening, willow by deepbarred well
hissing sizzles from near bough, snake lifts, eyeing
plume bristling it's winged . . . reared neck writhes

WRYNECK: Spring's stopped. Source shut. Showers
ceased. Sleet's sure. Wake to fail.

DREAMER: I should be eagle, but I feel regularly ant.

EVERYBODY: Frail and tickle, in a trice
man's force is queered by flaw engrained,
and subtly squandered paradise,
alas, cant always be regained.

III

WITNESS: Dandy again in Paradise Bar drains down
his seventh keg, standing between twin pillars
of oak whose corniced corners carved as owls
release, through eyelets, murk of muted glare,
and clockhands electrically jerk to brief atoning,
and gap jerks on its stretch to widest gape.

BARKEEP: Look sharp. Sunday's gone, Monday's come. Closing soon.
We all got to snooze to rise and shine. Order up. Drink down.

WITNESS: Melinda Lou, all evening waiting for slantest
look to her look back, moves through moil
and stands before him, still and mutely questing.
Her hair to willow, as eyes to pools all flecked
with fallen elderflowers, like elderberries
her lips, and through them, red as haws, tongue's tip.
Who has seen a nicely balanced top,
neatly wound and smartly flipped, so rightly
spin its crimson that course seems shortest distance
to incipient wobble: sees now Melinda Lou
reel to door from Dandy's repudiant slap.
He rubs his smarting palm, and drains his eighth.
Tugging at Dandy, and loud through the din, the Insurer:

INSURER: You're right not to smile. But extremes are indiscreet.
Look, for instance, at this little bill from my cousin,
your employer, the Mender. I'll say you bucked a real bender;
indeed, he claims there's nothing in the shop and its premises,
no scrap left big enough after, no piece enough left
together enough to glue together again.
Our policy fails to cover. But we have another.
Read it and see how safer you'll be with Safer.
O my, what a bender, a bender expensive indeed.

And did you have fun? You must have had fun. Remember.
Having fun, you had fun. Having had fun, you must pay.
For

WITNESS: Who has seen a raiding cat, lifted
by scruff of neck and tossed, aright itself
to poise, in air, and lithely land already
running: sees now Insurer leave the bar.
Dandy wipes his hand across his rump,
and turns to drain his ninth, and jukebox winks:

JUKEBOX: Lost off in the park,
left back in the park,
can you tell in the dark,
tell at all in the dark
inthedarkthedarkdarkdareek

DENIZENS: Who cashed the music?
Hey, who hashed our music?
Some son of a biddy bashed the juke.
Dashed a beerkeg at it.
Who smashed the juke?
Some son of a bilge gashed the box.
Who mashed the juke?
That rasher Roddy crashed the box.
Stash the Gnasher's grin!
Lash his hash for him!
Thrash his trash for him!
Slash his flagpole down!
The rod the rod the butt of all rods!

WITNESS: Who has seen a juggler, stance as indifferent,
keep myriad bowling pins and satellite balls
bobbing aloft without collision or drop,
easier than drum-majorette manipulates
her single fairly docile baton: sees Dandy
twirling the guardian Denizens all in the air.
As Barkeep swings his bottle down, breaking
no juggle Dandy reverses arc of bottle's
swing and boomerangs the Barkeep down.
So is Dandy busied, when reinforced
Insurer lights a flare, blows blast, and the Seventh
Army attacks, field artillery and all,
with paratroopers above, commandos below,
and marines hacking through walls while televideo
cameras it all through owlsh eyelets' outlets,
and Hairy Himmingaway outjeeps the band.
Dandy lets the Denizens fall, enarms
twin oaken pillars, straining pulls, steps
through roof's collapse, and leftward turns, to the Waters.

ANYBODY: We bless the sweat that Adam shed,
that fall's defeat denies:

when heart, in leaden tread,
denies own eyes,
dries our thighs
with apple-minded spread
of Eden's pestilential dread,
our luck, our light, all lies
in Adam's bent all-blessing head.

WITNESS: The smile that Lily and Dahlia Waters find
on the backroom floor gladdens no man alive
of his humanness. Nor does that slit throat sing.
Had Dandy allowed the Undertaker's daughters
to tear his body, as flesh dismembered in fury
at memory of other, dominant in othering eye,
there might have issued, as from Orpheus' torn and quite
dead lips, a singing to store for deader times
a greater gladness. Now, in place of promise,
silence. Of meaning, blank. Of light, dark.

EVERYBODY: We need more splendid lives to fill
our own. Alone, too unaware
of times and ways and words that kill;
untaught we even fail in prayer.

Grant us grace, when idol sours,
and fog thickens out the sky: in spite
of sappy hardness, our flowers
will not fruit in sunless night.

ANYBODY: When martyr refuses martyrdom, leaving
us open, helplessly broken
by grim token
that meaningless is even our grieving,
so grinnily breaking
us with blitheness of casual forsaking,
we're defenseless in dreams to our own greed-goaded beak;
so gored, we wander aghast on waking;
try any perfume to stifle own reek:
lacklustered, at last, content to be only bleak.

EVERYBODY: We can not live beyond our dream,
we can not fireless live, we need,
cost all it can, all brave men's gleam
to reconcile our private deed.

Grant us grace to fill our gap,
before our lease of trying's done,
to correspond our deed with map,
and then be one in sunless sun.

THE STONING OF DANDY BROWN ACCORDING TO JOHNNY APPLESEED

Two Notes on John Chapman, known as
Johnny Appleseed, of Leominster, Massachusetts.

1

"one very extraordinary missionary

His temporal employment consists in preceding the settlements and sowing nurseries of fruit-trees, which he avows to be pursued for the chief purpose of giving him an opportunity of spreading the doctrines throughout the western country he carries on his back all the New Church publications he can procure . . . So great is his zeal, that he does not hesitate to divide his volumes in to parts, by repeated calls, to enable the readers to peruse the whole in succession"

Journal of the Proceedings of the Fifth General
Convention of the Receivers of the Doctrine of
the New Jerusalem, Philadelphia, June 3, 1822, p. 7.

2

"The people

paid little attention to the New Church doctrine, it was not orthodox, neither popular, and old Johnny was ragged."

David Ayres, Hardware Merchant.

I

JOHNNY'S BRAG

I aim to tell a tale of unripe fall,
and sing a sorrowing song of stony spring,
and mean no final grave of star-signed dream,
no final grief, but what the rock will roll, be rolled away,
resurgence, re-emergence, light combust in otherwise flesh,
till rigid crux compresses or stretches, binds in or nails down,
and dark again, as stone mouths up the hole of hope.

Paradise is what we dreamers
always labor,
caught between serpent and star, hawk and rock,
to make real again.
Paradise is ever re-beginning.

I celebrate a loss,
a lost waystation in dawn's warring journey to dawn,
no eternally posthumous grief.
But temporal tears are salt and hot enough,
even, by night, enough for men eternal-minded.

Let any who will say of me,
'He was eternal-minded
never showed an ever-which-a-way heart,'
be blessed to leap from serpent-tangle,
weep hotly, scorching pity's slime,
scourge out the lies that stingily lurk in the perpetual moment.
Let him be blessed
to force his seeled and reluctant eyes eternally open to life.

Urizen's world more often binds or cages than slays
the exuberant enemy with heretic weapons——
Nose-thumber, Stripper who doesn't tease,
candid Snapper refusing retouching, Wasp-tongue,
or, worse, the Quiet Eyer.
Crazy, filthy, irresponsible—name 'em:
Swift, Blake, Yeats, Joyce, Pound
or cozier for kindergartens or women's weeded garden clubs:
Lear Lambled, Whitman hearthed and better homed
The fight goes on.

It's easier for an old man impounded for mad-dog
than caged for freak.

Old John, Little John, Johnny the Crank-
Pot

Against my legend,
before I tell my tale of Dandy Brown
and sing my song of hawk to stone,
I stand again still.

I tried to live to be
free to see
more me,
fulfilling current unboundaried Now,
not keeping, nor reaching,
being more being.

Paradise is change out of change,
flood formed to fountain,
Is evering, profounder Is.

Ideas are fine to take a line by,
dont plumb much that is.
Ideas are blinders to livers living by ideas,
and all that mind tosses through time is tool,
clocked for craft,
block for probe
into veritable seed and sap and flower and fruit and only seed,
all one, and ever Now.
Dreams that run linear, even cyclic, are error,

splitting Then and Then, swallowing Now.
From and To distract heart from Now:
heart slithers in anguish all ways out from now-seeming chaos,
finds dead clarity, at last, in slivers all crystallized.
Gain and Hold and Lose and Regain are not
the sequential periods of stealthy craft
and pushy luck of a poker game,
are all one, and ever in Now.
Dreams that draw us lines between planed and handy points
skim our unlinear mystery.
No graspable number of Whats makes This.
And This, gripped by partial tool, must wither:
such dwindling then imposes as sample.
Man never saw the light articulate motion of flesh
by staring at reconstructed skeleton.
Grappling Yesterday and grasping Tomorrow,
matching Was and piecing Will Be,
man murders, second by second, eternity's moment.

Once I tried to teach by words.
Doctrine, perverted, entered the shape of ruin.
Simply being is wiser teaching.
And you come eventually to be serene
when world reflects a curious image.

Once I thought all breakers into wilderness
deliberated heroes,
willful questers of the golden apple
hedged and veiled by the beast who wields the shriveling fire.
Those I've found were errant dreamers all.
There are more Edens than the very One,
the City, foursquared, eternally a-building over the Garden.

Paradise, they say, came from Old Persian,
was lifted by the looting Greeks,
and came to mean garden, walled and fitted for pleasure;
but meant, to form about.
And Eden in Hebrew means delight.

The Garden is the dream to repeat in Tomorrow Yesterday,
re-enter the womb, refitted with childhood's malremembered bliss.
Who has eaten the apple can never be innocent the same.
Fall from innocence means humanness, and no recall.

Urizen's Eden is the City of Tomorrow for Tomorrow,
built by tool on matter, letter on spirit,
scaled to the hive and blessed unanimous anonymity,
science waging statistics triumphant over life.
Here shrinks Man.
The Paradise that is Eden is strife triumphing into life.

The few heroes I have known
were for building a downward burrow to seal 'em in from strife,
striving only to be rid of strife,
carrying garden in mind, not like torch or destroying shaper,
but chrysalis,
straining either to rush caterpillar into cocoon,
or prevent the butterfly.

And I have tried
to urge the bristly worm to gorge,
to lullaby milkwhite cocoon,
be free to worship wildly the butterfly,
and be, in being me,
at once all three.

When I failed with Dandy Brown,
I saw how Urizen's compass-wielding pride,
his plumbline scorn and wrecking mend of any other wall,
had usurped my wider will, rigidified heart benignly
and shrunk sight into innocent idiocy
of "good cause produces good effect."
I labored to force another man into my image of me:
I hurled him helpless into vacuum of Tomorrow,
and defined myself away into Yesterday.

Now I simply scatter,
Swedenborg, or appleseed, or me.

Every man must first love well himself,
before safely he can love another.
The kept brother is lost, but liver
than his iron-monstered keeper.

Sow not to see shoot.
If shoot show, praise shoot for growing's sake.
Sow not to see flower.
If flower open, praise flower for beauty's sake.
Sow not to see fruit.
If fruit ripen, praise fruit for richness' sake.
Give the doing to god,
who is the eternal moment of doing,
the moment of eternal being.

I sow, not for plucking, storing, selling, using.
I sow for being a sower.

To sow in adoration of sowing,
to scatter in celebration of exuberance,
is release from Urizen into Eden.

Paradise is allowing god
to be
to do again.
Paradise is ever re-beginning.

II

THE STONING

Now that April, with its little rains,
tones down the harsh bright scour of March, sirening,
urging seed and bulb, with delicate probe,
to venture, sulky sap in root to surge;
and all eternal cores push out in riot
their inly begotten life; and birds boisterous
in building, bubbling in waiting, give this all
new-heartedness voice; and even beavers babble:
already itches the idle hand, curling
to feel again the dropped orb of promise
fully fleshed, and again the inheld promise,
the dark dedicate bulge, glossy-as-pumiced,
of appleseed; though now, eyes widen still,
unblinking, afraid of missing first out-crop
of green—and then, tempestuous burst of bloom.
And inner eye grows heavy-lidded, lapses.
Eternal moment sinks under the journey of the year.
The year turns, turns yearning into yesterdays many.
Yearns. And I. My poise, broken with year's

break
to pursuit pursuing pursuit,
ponders, for bearing's sake,
the lesser dissolute
course to take.

I think I'd better start again, and be
directer. I didn't say clearer. That's different.
I'm embarrassed by burrowing backward, and feel I must.
But wont falsify it clear enough
for Man to be perfected out, our tangle
untangled, and no man benefitted well.
A wish—that your living be not constrained in the measure
of an overly careful plan. The unforeseen
is upon us, the unforefelt is up in us urgently,
muddying mind, cooling spark in our eyes
to mica-glint. And day then runs to darkness.

Man must not expect too much of clarity.
Our inalienable heritage is the peril of the apple.
Qualmless let us compute in the knowledge of the tree
the limits of our computations, take our chances,
thwarting waste, nurturing fruity shoots,
broadcasting risk. But o the bright Bargainer!
Our patient corrupter who peddles time as clarity,
no payment down, but how that final hour

cascades! to abyss of the dragon the apple contained.
This Talker slanders god and man in confounding
Here with Never, persuading that All is Ever.
Always his appeal is subtly to reason.
Our resistance can not lie in clarity.
That's his particular perfected line, that certainty.
Our defense is our belief in Man,
our life in his continuing, 'I am here.'
Transcending self is not transcending Man.
He that buys the Lurker's dazzling bid
to be more than man must end less

than man.

I'll start again. Somehow
my zeal outran my plan.
I'll stick to my story now
as best I can.

Late that winter—the one I lived in a hollow
sycamore tree—I wasn't whimpering on galled
sores, not sulking into bearish stupor, in no
scornful pet of rage, just looking to feel how
to reach to poise again. I'm not a saint.
The holy go wilderness to cancel Man-myriad to zero.
That's why the holy always find the Talker there.
He talks, and they refuse, and never know,
till long too late, He talked 'em into refusing
to refuse Him. He's subtle. His reality is reverse,
the mirror up to nature. Its very perfection
is the opiate poise that regresses through rich mire
of human-mingle to mindless beauty of the atom,
sheer terror of atom's mirror, mathematics.
Alas who enter the lookingglass to live!
The Gorgon stare is in the mirror. Alas
who talk with the Talker girded in piety in wilderness,
proud of outplaying Him at His old game of no-chance:
'He thinks I think He thinks I think He thinks . . .'
By kind He's ever one reflection beyond
the reflector. No, I didn't mean to talk
with Him. I did, as you always do, unaware,
silent. I sat belated from peace that late
winter's day, in my tree, just beneath an Alleghany
ridge, looking eastward, topward, near blinded by
sun's last, too still to be mocking, mirage of glory
on snow.

I saw him, and inly bowed
as he topped the hill in slow
light and dazzled like cloud
in fleecy flow.

No, he wasn't the Talker, though the Talker
 out-silenced me into making him mirror and taking
 mirror for where life can be lived. O Promise!
 Man's search for the son of his heart—there's danger.
 When Narcissus is old, and stares, and drowns in flicker
 of youth, the ludicrous nearly drowns the poignant.
 The Talker got at him too—and that's my tale.
 But first to get it clear why I was there.
 I think I'm eccentric only where you take
 mirror-living for center. With Dandy Brown,
 I moved dead-center, eccentric from where I live.
 They tell it on me, that a rattler bit me, and I
 trod it dead, and said afterward, 'I'm
 sorry for it,' and went that winter one
 foot bare, in penance. And I did. But not
 in penance. To remind me not to blame a creature
 I carelessly frighten, when it acts out its fright.
 We always need to revive in us what we've learned.
 It escapes into mirror easily and cants by rote.
 I'm tedious I guess. The old have too much knowledge,
 too much patience. I'll try to hasten. But since
 I've got to use mirrors to talk to you, let me use
 enough to keep you remembering we're just reflecting.
 Well, I'd learned that year that government, business,
 all collections of people for partial purpose,
 all concerned with fragments of man's wellbeing,
 all keep gross lenses fixed over the quick-seeing eye.
 My mission was to break the glassy glitter. And I
 didn't know how. And I went out to find
 what I should do with foursquare vision
 if I couldn't share it, if I couldn't teach orcharding and how
 to found through orcharding the City of Man. And here

I found
 Dandy Brown. In conceit
 deftly spun the round
 gossamer cocoon of deceit,
 for brightness bound.

And as I sat wild—like seeing Orc,
 his bonds of fire burst, him coming eagle
 from the east again to bind Urizen on the rock
 of limit—he faltered, fell, on the rise, in the snow.
 I brought him in, fed him on butternut tea,
 and kept him with me until spring's journeying time.
 His mother a woman of no repute—if you'll pardon
 old-fashioned phrase. His father, old Nobadaddy.
 He grew. On a foundling farm. Untouched somehow.
 A sort of Galahad, I guess. Pure in motive

out of mindlessness. O the terrifying
 mindless innocence of initial Eden!
 He went to town. The Talkers puzzled him, bored him.
 He lived off bets, all boyishly he boasted, collected
 by draining kegs of beer against the clock.
 And there, Paradise Bar it was called, one night
 a girl, I gathered, of no more repute than his mother,
 named Melinda Lou—what can I say—
 such innocence cant be seduced to sex—
 drew him after her, and for a while he had
 another way of simply spending time.
 When her belly biggened and she plead its cause,
 he laughed and left. What could he know of home?
 He walked from east westward. And came to me.
 There are two ages of innocence, abyss between.
 I forgot how different are the words until
 you've made hand over hand your only span.
 Yours only. No one else can help you more
 than distant sound of 'I am here' can hearten.
 No one else can even show which rock
 is better—there is no best—to anchor span.
 The abyss and the apple. First bite brings you to it.
 Knowledge and scruple, chains to span or sink.
 Second bite spans across to second innocence,
 so long as second biter rebites and rebites.
 I talked and taught as if abyss werent there.

Flaw!

How hard to keep in mind
 that human-mind is flaw.
 Our destiny, our glory is signed:
 'Man's mind is flaw.'

I guess I feel instead of see. Sometimes
 that saves me from His Medusa-eyes in the mirror
 on the very shield. But that's thin help when I
 right now must try His craft to blur those eyes.
 Help me. Feel through my gropings. I cant create
 a past that shows. Reader, feel it to vividness!
 Solitude austere sphered by snow.
 Do you know that? Do you know how I warmed to Dandy?
 Heart fondled him as hand unnested birdling. Such fondness
 is a door for Talker's insinuation of owning.
 The latest truth of our learning is 'Nobody owns.'
 I entered that door as lookingglass enters the eye.
 He looked like Perseus or any well-created
 image of our impossibled youth. The questing
 child still showed, the open heart, the quivering
 mind. 'I' was still not calculated sharp

from 'You.' Tomorrow and Yesterday still were miracles
vertiginous about Right Now. If jaybird flew,
a jag of blue startled snow to glint—
not bird from bugless twig to bugless bough.
Immediacy. I forgot what ways this is regained.
Pure coldness, chilling enough to tempt warm other
heart to thaw it and mold it to hold its pulse.
And innocence rebought taught innocence not yet sold.

Better
let the Talker twist
the world to law and law's letter,
than innocence wrangle gist
to equal fetter.

My worry—I mean my worldly worry—I'd already
figured I'd have to solve some worldly way.
How do you make Caesar take only what's Caesar's own?
I'd tried last year to swap some fallow land
for books to sow. But publishers, even New
Jerusalem publishers are stubborn for cash in the register.
I'd tried to start some lending libraries. But
citizens tax citizens only for business betterment.
I'd tried to persuade people to see that ruining
the land, the market for quick crop, quick mark-it-up,
quick cash and flocking like boll-weevils to frisk the next
rich promise was evil, that orchards need tending in restraint, that
stewardship is holy, that man is only Man
when he fights through the day to realize his lineaments
and walks his garden in the cool of the evening as lord.
Well, I'd tried. But I was Johnny the Freak.
They liked me, wanted me, smiled and paid no heed.
And here in my hands and heart was Dandy Brown.
That first night as he lay—in refuge as I saw it—
heart-drainingly vulnerable in exhausted sleep under my
sycamore-roof, the fire flickering in fury
at finding no planes in that open face to mask
ambiguous in shadows, as I kept stirred vigil
that only the old, the homeless perhaps understand,
the silent Talker polished my mind to mirror.
I'd train him, fill him with promise and put him in Springfield
with Silas Waters, my oldest, at least warmest
friend from Massachusetts days, now mayor
and undertaker. Though we were different ways,
we shared enough that our eyes could focus on occasion.
He'd take him on as assistant and begin, as I couldn't,
to spade out our political career—and o my dreams!
How can you learn, before you sail, that the Pequod
is bound to go under the advantaged whale? The alien

enemy will not be taken by his own weapons,
his tactics in his imperial element. Strife
is to foregone conclusion when we abandon our strength.
I dreamed of Aristotle and his Alexander,
forgetting all but the clarion sound of the names.
I forgot that there was Nero and his stoic Seneca.

I poured
the me I couldnt be—
such vacuumatic hoard—
into Dandy Brown. And he,
like my dream, soared.

You know pretty much the sort of thing I told him,
carefully dosed, taking silence for response,
but with excitement unreality stirs.
I spoke of selflessness: and how could he
unselfed as yet but radiate disowning.
I spoke of glory: and he saw smiles and bows.
I spoke of mission: he lowered his eyes to gravity.
I spoke of strife to span the blank abyss:
and Dandy out-Michael Michael in angelicalness.
I spoke of doubt: and how could he, unsplit
as yet, but straighten back and lighten eyes,
and rest. A barfly once in Paradise Bar
had squirted poison, but Dandy, even in telling,
had been, in children's ignoring carelessness, immune.
O the heavy clutch of memory and promise!
I talked about the flaw that ruined great men
and the gods their piercing eyes etched into brightest
mirrors—the flaw of expecting too much of humanness.
I told how the Christ, bright star, gave Caesar the world,
the Buddha to the priests, Mohammed to the sword, Confucius to
politicians, Brahman to fakers, Jehovah to zealots,
while Man always struggled through man to be Man again.
How St. Francis made simplicity dramatic, and fell
in the mirror, and Gandhi into the Congress Party
and Nehru's urbane passion. How St. Augustine
split the world to difference in unity, and William
Blake went mad for unity in stout difference.
And of Nobadaddy's other son,
that Perseus outcast among usurpers, tricking
the Weirds, assuming the single so equal eye,
riding arrogantly time, forcing the second
and golden apple into grasp, confounding in
to mirror the fatal look—remember I
was innocent yet of realities of looking. Above
I made a narrative error with St. Francis and Gandhi.
There I talked of mirror and its petrifying

power in light of present knowledge—And last
how Andromeda, our America, he gloriously saved from
Leviathan,
the scaled greed, the devouring mind that beasts
our human possibility the decent man,
and turned Leviathan to beast for beauty's riding,
all greed to earnestness of sharing in Man.

And he:
'You've opened for me my door.
I'm freed. Whatever I be,
all yours.' And I said, 'Pour
the butternut tea.'

Perhaps I should have kept him with me longer.
But still I would have talked, dreamed into mirror.
I could have learned no way but by his loss.
I left him with Waters, widower, and his three daughters,
Lily, Dahlia and youngest, surest, Sesame.
I returned in my summer rest. They loved him, and he
had found his home. O Brothers, Brothers, the pity
of our homeward look that corrupts our Angel to demon
brooding in the shadow eastward as we walk west.
I saw no clearer, felt no qualm. I basked.
I didn't notice the set in Sesame's neck.
Silas had found him apt, business had tripled
all from Dandy's easy-giving self.
Not once, somehow, did I realize 'embalming.'
I was dreaming entirely of Eden's reconstruction.
Silas said Dandy could win right now any office
in the county he offered for. So had he taken them.
He carried easily the heart of success in his eyes,
still eager for my approval. And warmly he got it.
Success—our latest talisman, glint from mirrored
eyes that shafts right conduct directly away
from garden's risky gates, city's laborious
adits, direct into dragon's restful maw.
Silas said Dandy could reach the governor's mansion
in less than half the ordinary time, still less
if we had a war. We planned. I strutted. And basked.
How high was my heart when I left Springfield that fall
to collect my seed! Higher in heart because
I'd finally sold a few acres, to be ruined I was sure,
but I'd bought three copies of 'Heaven & Its Wonders, And Hell.'
I could split 'em up and spread 'em around and shift 'em
next year. A blest year, that one. My mission never
seemed nearer fruiting—I still was feeling in units
of nearness. And most, heartiest, the living life
in Dandy Brown, my surgent yeast, my hawk.

And he:
'We've got it. We've got what it'll take.
It works, it works. You'll see.
You've dreamed and dreamed. I'll make
it really be.'

Dreams. I stopped by for a while that winter.
While Lily and Dahlia Waters fought to wive
this star, Sesame eloped. The fight was fixed.
And the stoning of Dandy Brown set in. He smiled
and smiled at me, and clapped me on the back,
whenever I was able to get a word alone.
And clasped my shoulder, and tenderly led me in
to an easy chair, and offered slippers and cider,
talking all the while of our good old days.
I urged, in desperation one final evening,
while Silas shook his head, and Lily and Dahlia
glared—that now was their eternal look—
I urged the fight for immediate fixing of a little
part of our dream—to protect our only resources,
to guarantee libraries, schools and any creating.
I was told—all else silent, no looks—by Sesame,
that Daniel—(for dignity)—could not for several years
safely introduce unpopular bills.
She told me likewise—and I had held her, dandled her
on my knee—(that's trite, I know, but true—I had—
pared apples, scraped 'em to pulp and fed her, holding her—)
she said, 'We have to be very careful right now.
It's better if you're not seen coming here.'
This said with all the kind parentheses.
And Silas muttered. And Lily and Dahlia glared.

And he:
'Look, Sesame has a sense
for success. Now, you and me,
politically we're just dense.
Trust her. Let's see.'

I didnt grieve abysmally, in person that is.
That is about my place with them. I grieved.
I grieve. But Sesame's mirror-world of possible
was too close to mine for repudiation.
When you fall into Talker's subtle snare, you've fallen.
I'd posed a mirror, could not depose another,
though I'd learned through Dandy's stoning where to look.
We had a war. And Dandy's stoning advanced.
His shoulders dazzled with eagles, the Air Corps' modern
glamor to bind Orc tighter than Urizen was able.
The eagles would have soared into stars and files of stars,

but Sesame forbade. Sesame computed the degree
of glitter that veterans would be liable to fruitfully adore,
You see, she'd got around and consolidated
a phalanx of endangered capital for devious purpose.
Leviathan offered a pyramiding back for the Perseus
who could hold, in triumph, correctly, the gilded reins.
So Dandy turned from Pentagon to pinpointing,
our mutation of the old game of darts, and gathered clusters
of the fruit of the sturdy oak. I still cannot
recall his eyes.

The last time I saw him—I'd come after dark and Sesame
was out—I tried to tell him what I'd learned,
that the myth lied—that the Gorgon-stare, the look of
the restricting keeper of the final apple, the basilisk-
look that icicles nerve, stalactites blood,
these cynical dead eyes are systematized
in the mirror we wave as pennant and shield.
That the caterpillar never doubts the urgent
journey from grass blade to shaggy trunk,
nor ant tote aphid ever cynically home.
'You cant be Perseus till you drop your shield,'
I cried, 'and look direct into dragon eyes.
One such look and dragon's released to man.
Span that stretches straight is mirror-illusion.
You cannot rescue Andromeda-Sesame unless
you dive to abyss, and look, and come up winged.
The Mirror-man has turned us all to reflectors
reflecting reflections. And Man waits unhabited.'

And he:

'Sorry, old man. You're impatient.
Sesame's right. I'll be
all you want, in time. Be patient.
Just wait. We'll see.'

We've seen. It's spring, as I said when I began.
And up and down there's burst from bleakness, with fragile
promise of subsequent burst committed
to chance of pip's returning to proper earth.
All this: and still our fatal need to mirroring,
frail knowledge of mirroring's use and abuse by Perverter
who turns—we are so feeble, desiring stableness—
our very yeast subtly to fixity. He talks
so well. But this side of talk we remember the moments
when life that is tension springs a release for a moment.
But He talks us into mind. And Reason says,
'Secure the moment. We are born to master
Time.' He lies. We are born to suffer
Time, and mark in Time Man's prevalence.

Transcendence is different from breaking, avoiding, scuttling.
Dandy Brown no longer is. O yes,
he became governor, and more. Sesame—open
Sesame, some columnists were calling her by then, had conceived,
and Dandy returned to father the swelling push
to make America safe for Americans—hawkeye.
He was shot, some three years later, halfway up
his Capitol steps, by a freak from Massachusetts,
whose fathers had lived for several generations
too long in the republic, who'd read the wrong books—Paine,
Jefferson, Adams, Lincoln and those framed
under glass in the Library of Congress—who'd lost his job,
couldnt find another to buy his family bread
and cloth and home, because he couldnt properly
define American. And Dandy could. And had.
When my balance breaks—as often it must—
I try, corruptly, to find the Dandy Brown
of my past. He's too entirely present in the Known
Soldier, the certain hawk, fixed in marble,
in the eternal posture of memorializing Hiroshima
the American way. And who is not to blame?

I grieve
how easily grieving's lost
in heart's delighted heave
to seek, whatever the cost,
personal reprieve.

III

JOHNNY'S BLUES

What can be cried at the stoning of Man,
when our world, that was hanging garden and city of spires,
is abyss, without fall, without rise, without place?
What can be cried through paralysis of larynx,
when our agony hangs riveted, prolonging its limit,
and the comforting circle of the dial is broken?
What cry can enliven the stony Man
we bear, each, buried in our depths for peace from pain,
what cry can break our sleeping Lazarus
into light?

Cry?

What cries have we not cried mutely
when dreams by night break their shins on that bier?
What cries have we not tried
to cry, reviving memory terribly
in the voice of parrot's parody?
What can we cry for a new cry?
What can we cry?

There is no comfort in denuded Orion,
nor in the deluding sun that rises
not nor sets, that tossed us random
off as still it spends itself,
nor in the moon that circles us senselessly
in mockery, nor in our little transient
orb we yearn to calling it mother.
There is no comfort, we find no comfort,
no rest from piteous desire, like children,
to be at home in peopled sky.
There is no comfort in mere immensity,
nor in sheer cyphers, like comets' fleering
tails, crumbling all mind and freezing
our heart in unshored signs of zero,
nor in the invisible fiesta of jolting
atoms, nor in credo of eventual
unity of grand and tiny abstractions.
There is no comfort, we find no comfort,
no rest from piteous desire, like beloveds,
to love and escape mere awe.
There is no comfort: wherever eyes turn,
awe and no rest, terror, not comfort,
and the cold hardens the eyes of our fellows,
and ours harden in reprisal, and all
we stand again Cain and Abel.

Cry!

For our time is of ice and the arctic crystal,
fixity of twilight, and snow's sweet inducement from birthright:
how still we sink to stonier sleep!

How we emulate the ant and scurry,
copy the bee, our dwelling the reasoned
hive, our hope of merit metamorphosis to drone
plumpening on fornication and honey;
what cry can pierce this awe for order?

For Brute and Reason are leagued against Sleeper,
rear belly for currying, and adamant abomination
for us, cringing, to manipulate
for our life.

Cry!

How piling statistics of outrage
chill heart to skate on recorded data.

What in Christ's Human Name
can five or any millions of Jews
burned on schedule mean?

Tell us of one Hungarian,
with glass tube inserted in penis and shattered,
we can cry such agony aloud.

But give us daily deluge
of tabulated agonies,
what can we but chill?

There is no comfort in the latter Gulliver,
nor in flattering re-arising Prometheus,
sire in us of clocked device, that Faust,
to enchain time in the mushroom shape,
nor in the clanging tedium of Chinese
polity, nor in the scopes of union
and swarm of the Roman dream and its heirs.

There is no comfort, we find no comfort,
no rest from raging desire, like gods,
to be abstractly absolute.

There is no comfort in cold brother,
nor in gold-lipped murmur of State,
'Have rest from decision in our city of switches,
obtain memoriam in our vital statistics,'
nor in fury that drives us to behavior
of scorpions, nor in the strangled aliens
that clutter our corridors of inner wandering.

There is no comfort, we find no comfort,
no rest from raging desire, like demons,
to blast what we cant certainly own.

There is no comfort: wherever heart turns,

terror and no rest, cold, not comfort,
and rage glints the eyes of our fellows,
and ours glint in reflection, and all
we are Ahabs rushing from Ahab.

Cry!

For our time is illuminated night,
nightmare riding us through perpetual un-silence:
how torn is our flesh with our nails to wake us!
How we have terrified the tiger,
shamed the kite, quite excelled the adder
that hasnt mind to strike before trespass threatens.
The hackled hyena shrieks his chagrin,
and we have cries to top that shriek.
For Brute and Reason are new dimension,
resplendent about the ridden Sleeper, instruct us
suddenly in the flaming artifice
of night.

Cry!

How can ear hear Sleeper's
murmur with no moment of silence?
What can we cry to each other
with cupped ears and vast mouths
through the roar we've established and sanction?
Could we hear the last
minute sound of a fieldmouse dying,
we might be saved from ourselves.
But we have constructed our world
as Talker instructed us. Its ours.
Ponder our world.

I dont know how to finish this.
I've lived alone so long.
Alone you simply stop one thing to start another,
without much mind to propriety of cadence.
I've made my confession, I've given up again my Dandy Brown.
But still I find it in my heart to try to shape
a sharper word for any of the listening young—
all old men do I guess.

My heart is full of wanting to leave something
precious to the precious young.
We do so spoil them by offering so much too soon.
We force the bloom to gorgeousness,
and the fruit suffers,
the quality of seed is risked.

I'm afraid that earlier I was arrogant, nearly lied indeed,
when I said,
'Now I simply scatter,
Swedenborg, or appleseed, or me.'
That's my desire.
But we do nothing simply,
though we can occasionally simply be.
The purity of such a second releases from motive, from time, from
ruin,
blessing deeper than deepest sleep.
Such moment, Eternity's moment, reveals the Sleeper risen
and eternal in our Jerusalem.
It's ours whenever we're able—how seldom—
to bow our spirit to time, suffer flaw, be blithe before loss.

Ponder our world, and move as you must
for the honor and prevalence of Man.
There's no eternal ease from crying,
nor surcease of need for crying.

May we seek the image that makes our history tolerable.
May we learn that other's grief will spoil our getting,
stone our heart.
May we be able to strengthen eye and ear
against this dazzle and din.

I will not last this siege of winter out.
And cannot feel but every man of our forebears
someway felt that all finally was lost,
and still did feel that others earlier felt someday the same,
and felt, 'but we are here—'
and still we are indeed right here.
I could not die except in full belief
that Man in every span conquers man,
that Man supersedes his out-wearing self,
that really our destiny is pictured in the cycles of the apple.

But now I grow tedious, as guest standing on threshold
when meeting's done,
prolonging the past moment of departure.

I cannot leave
before I urge again
caution in the use of mirrors.
Leave entanglement to the tangled world
and be, in any bought moment,
direct enough to see
the unreckonable ways of being free.

Toss tangle,
and being tangle-tossed
is clearly interim.

Now
may the flowering of the ever gnarling tree be yours,
 for glory of morning;
may the fruiting of the ever fading flower be yours,
 for fullness of noon;

may the seeding of the ever rotting fruit be yours,
 for peace of evening,
 and confidence before the secret dark,
 and safe conduct through the night,
 and hope of dawn's opening again to day.
 So may it be!

With such remembrance,
between us,
of eternity,
at last I can say,
Fare well!



University of
Connecticut
Libraries

About William Hull's Selected Poems: 1942-1952

Brigant Press, Box 860, Grand Central Station, New York:

"After reading these one should be able to say 'Hull' upon first hearing another of his Feeling, repressed, explodes as fury, and can become lovely feeling again only after the smoke has cleared. Hull documents each stage of this process 'The Up And Down Of Dandy Brown In Seven Stations' is a jazz-time miracle play with a modern setting and brings out strongly qualities that show Hull as gay, comic, satirical, yet intensely lyrical."

David M. Stocking

THE BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL